

Whole lotta' racks on me at the moment

Beee

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L-L-L-L-Leesta

Sky is my hero

Woahhh woah, woah

Damn near feel like I hit the lotto

Run them bands up till I get colossal

Hop in the G63 with my vatos, yeah yeah (yeah yeah)

Say he got drugs then push up on me

I ain't finna kick it with you-you is not my homie

Expensive fabrics on my sweater, it's Stoney

She speaking in cursive my bitch write poetry

Them diamonds hit when I hop out, you notice me

I fucked the baddest bitch shit she used to ain't notice me

Neon kicks , they glowing

A-C-O-G scope, let's blow it

That nigga ain't bout that shit, that nigga trolling

Driving a new coupe and it's stolen

Put some racks on your head, now you can't focus

Shits so surreal, yeah

Blowing a bag with no deal, woah

Sippin on tussin' I'm chill, yeah

Like fuck all my exes for real, yeah

Oxycontin in love with them pills

I ain't sipping that shit that ain't sealed

My niggas shootin' so crazy, Shawn Marion

Oh, you talking bout' bands? Then carry on

I'm smoking on loud that clarion

Who the fuck is these guys, oblivion

Smoke in that shit American

Percocet took me to the stars like alien

Diamonds they wet than aquarium

I love these racks think I'm finna marry em'

Count up the racks like every day, yeah

Five-star restaurants every day

She cut me off I ain't like her anyway

I was gonna break that bitch heart yeah anyway

I pick the racks over you yeah any day

Take that lil' bitch to Celine on her birthday

I'm smoking on green like its fucking Earth Day

I just take this perc it got me OK

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